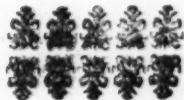


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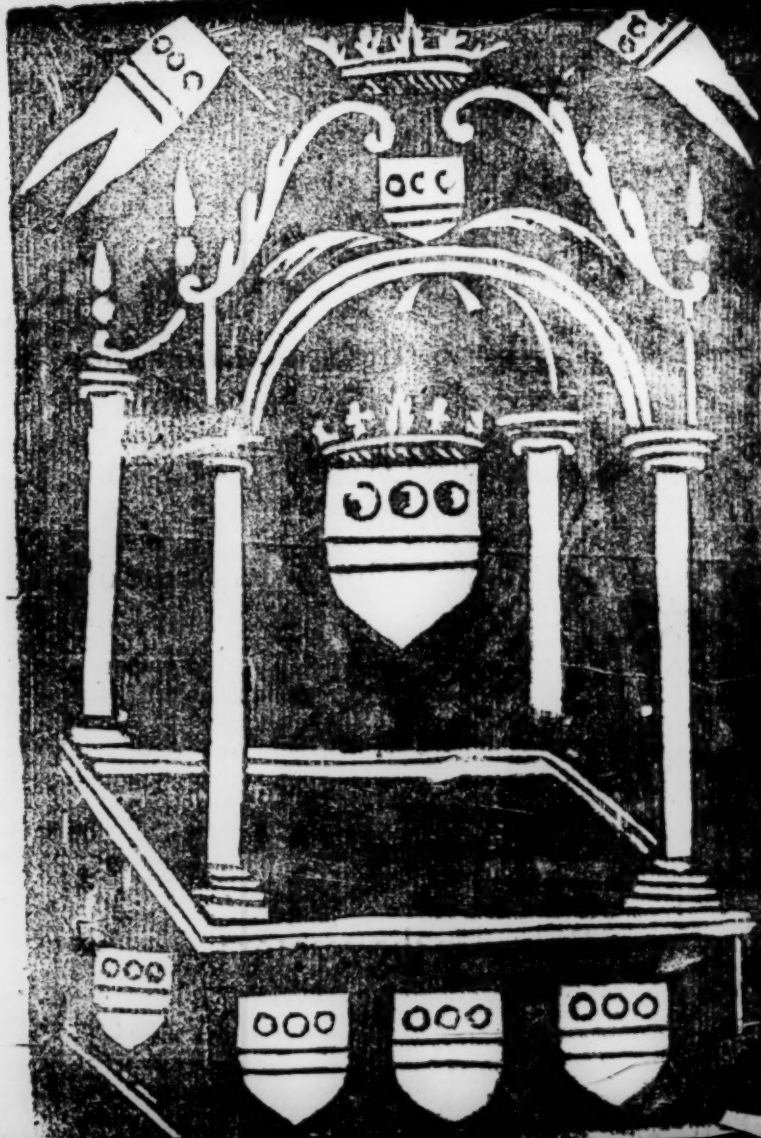
THE
Last will and Testament
OF
THOMAS GATAKER.

(B. D. Author of the Annotations on *Fe-
remy* 10. ver. 2. and the Vindications of
them, as also of the new-come out dis-
course APOLOGETICAL.)

WHEREIN
Is shewed the manner and order of the dispo-
sing of his Estate, with the certain Lega-
cies given to Friends; together with the manner
of Burial of his aged corps, without supersti-
tious Rites or Ceremonies.



Printed in the year 1654.



Mr. Thomas Gatakers *last will and Testament.*

IN the name of the Flock-paced Synod, and Synagogue of *Presbyters, Amen.* I *Thomas Gataker*, Parson, Rector (or rather receiver of the Tythes) of *Reddriffe*, neer *London*, being aged 79. years, and by the course of nature am now in (*vesperà vita*) the evening of my life, do here ordain this to be my last will and Testament (being in perfect remembrance, that no contention or strife may arise after my decease, concerning my ill-gotten estate) in manner and form following

Imprimis.

I Bequeath my soul (brim-full of corruption) into the mercileſs clutches of *Old-Nick*, the Bellows mender, and his well-beloved son *Dr. Holms*, (that man of sin and shame) by whose only merits in railing against *Astrology*, belching out sedition and Heresie amongst the people, and sowing cushions under the elbows of iniquity, my hope is to be saved from the sad fate of the Scotch colours, and to be shortly wrapt up into *Jenkins* his third heaven, prepared him of old, for his constant perseverance in the Doctrine and Faith of *Mr. Love*, there for to sing *Geneva Jiggs*, to the delicate tune of *O Priests, monstrous Priests, what do you mean to do!*

And for my body, in regard it hath patiently sustained, and run through the fiery trial of a Bawdy-house, and been but lately parboyl'd in *Cornelius* his Tub, it is my desire that *Alexander Kinsey* (dwelling at the Woolſack in Ivy-lane) may have the burial thereof in his Petits, my ears only excepted, and hereafter otherwise disposed; and that the Silkmen and Mercers Apprentices (and others my well-disposed Prose-lites) in *Pater-noster-Row*, will accompany it to the grave, and there to see it decently interred, without any Popish Rites, superstitious prayers, or ceremonies, other then what the Directory of their Morning and Evening stomacks shall admit of, by which means, my intent is, that *Alexander* may save some moneys (towards the payment of his Daughters portion, who is now upon the prick of preferment) which would otherwise be laid out on Hogs Grease, and cleansing scraps, usually (by him) bought at *Pye-corner*, and this out of the meer good will I bear him,

him, for that he formerly went out (as if he would have fought the battels of the Lord against the Mighty) under the conduct of Sir *William Waller* (alias *William the Conquerour*) howbeit he never durst fight, as being not perswaded of the lawfulness of fighting with any body but his wife; yet (to give the Devil his due) continues a fiery hot, and so zealous a *Presbyterian*, that (for some moneths last past) he has never been without a *Priapisme*, and the complexion of a *pickled Oyster*, notwithstanding some of the ungodly scandalize, and call him *the nineteenth part of no Religion*.

Having thus disposed of my soul and body, which I fear will cause old tugging on some sides when I am dead; but that all things may be carried fairly without fraud and deceit, (and that the Devil may have his due) I have began thus, and shall persist in the setting my house in order, and then come what will come, *Dives* torments, or the joys of *Lazarus*, which later, that little conscience I have, tells me I have not been worthy of.

Item, I give and bequeath unto *Nicolas Bourn* (a trundle-tail'd Stationer neer the Exchange) my books, or bundle of impertinencies, lyes, forgeries, and non-sense, commonly known by the name of *Tho. Gataker B. D.* his Vindications of his Annotations &c. upon condition, that where my envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness (against the Society of Christian Astrology, and its harmless Professors) hath been too weak, he shall make good, and where the sparks of my rage are dying, I injoyne him (as having the only Bellows of Presbyterian zeal) to re-inkindle it against such a Cerberian crew, who have (I may well say) by their diabolical writings, drove me out from among them, wretched man that I was to meddle with them. One thing more I desire of my friend *Bourn*, that he take the pains to view all and every my works since 1651. (at which time I began to defame the Science of Astrology) and blot, or cause to be blotted out, every English word therein concerning that subject, lest after-Generations begin to espy the opened vein that let in death, and write it in an Hebrew character (in which language I have good skill) and then get tooting *Mus. Calamy* to warrant it Authentique.

Item, I give and bequeath unto *Joseph Blacklock* (a broken Presbyterian Book-binder) the remains of my chopt Logick, and entreat *M. Rowland* to make him amends for the over-worn Pamphlets he paraphrased on, and caused him to print in one volum against Astrology, which hath almost crackt the Stationer, and ruined the Binder, that being the *cause*

fini quâ non of his present restineis, to make him amends (I say) by attending him once a day at his house, (because he dares not walk abroad so far as a Hen, for fear of Gods judgments, *nam inter malleum & incudem versatur*) and after a use or two of consolation, to instruct him so far therein, as may inable him to prove black to be white, or (which is all one) his wife an honest woman: But now I remember, I heard the Sheriff had return'd a *non est inventus* for Mr. Rowland, and therefore I shall desire Mr. Gaule will supply the place, perhaps he may jumble a syllogism or two more then ordinary out of Mrs. Blaiklock, who being singularly free natur'd, (especially when she whitens her linnen at the bank side) is more then shrewdly suspected to ramble in the prædicament of a bad quality.

Item, I give and bequeath unto Edmund Calamy the hoop ng Preacher of Aldermans-bury, my exquisite art of lying, wherein, as it is not deny'd, but I have excel'd all that ever wore a Whetstone, so I hope he will in short time make a great improvement thereof, and bring the art to absolute perfection (if Mrs. L. say but *amen* to it) and I desire, that in lieu thereof, he will perpetuate my Name in an Hebrew *Anagram*, [which language I have been honored for in *Essex*] to be fixed upon the Grave-stone of his affection, and to preach my Funeral Sermon, upon the text in *Eccle. 2. 2. 12. Seven daies do men mourn for him that is dead, but the lamentation for the fool and ungodly should endure all the daies of their life.*

Item, I give unto Leonard Cook [the Proverbial] Pulpitceer of Islington, all and singular my spiritual impostures, and tricks of *Leigerdemais*, together with the G'llimawfry of my extempory long-winded prayers, beseeching [in the bowels of a Holland Smock] he will decently dress, and set out the same in a large charger of hypocrisie, fit for a deluded Auditories appetite, and so present them to the poor hungry people, on the slick table of his deceitful tongue, & bid them all welcom to be cheered.

Item I give unto Mr. Kelly [a Scotch Presbyter] now, or lately Reader of *Cripplegate* my Lottery, [for which very thing could I have wish'd my self huag up to the ears in a Scotch Ordinary when I was writing it] and part of my Vindications of my Annotations, which I bequeath'd to *Bourn*, wherein I have comprized two irrefragable reasons, plainly proving Presbytery, Tythes, Railing, and Non-sense, to be all alike, *per Divino.*

Item, I Bequeath the whole stock of my Impudence unto Ralph Farmer (the Lay-Levite of *Bristol*, which together with his owne) will surely enable

able him (*Proteus*-like) to assume all shapes, and to run through as many professions, as the wandring Jew is said to have done Countryes, here to play the Scribe, there the Chymist, in a third place the Priest, to be *Aliquis in omnibus, nullus in singulis*, A Saint in one place, a Devill in another, a Cheat every where, alwayes, *Impudens innocuum quotidie persequitur*, yet glory himself in the title of a godly Minister, a painfull Pastor, a powerfull teacher, notwithstanding he never saved the soule of a louse, and deserved the tythe of a Nit for his Quacking.

Item, I bequeath my matchlesse gift of Poetry, unto Justice *George Wisher*, as the only man I know that hath dabled his dirty *Genius* (not in *Helicon*, for that's heathenish) but in the Ducking-Pond of phansie, and who alone is capable of my Soule-saving strains, provided that he return unto the faith from whence he is fallen, and resolve hereafter to burn, rather then turn any more with the times, and shall not hackney out his broken-winded Muse, to be any more drain'd of *Hymns*, or *Ballads*, for victories obtain'd against the godly, but that the offal of his invention may for the future, be set and sung to the melodious Bag-pipes of Presbiterie, in their Galloping Gamboll of a Scotch list, the better to awaken the Bell-weatheres of the faction, and to quicken the dull spirits of their drooping Profelites, now in these better times of persecution.

Item, To the intent the world may take notice, I was never so great an Enemy to the persons, as I was to the function of Bishops, because not capable of being one my self, I give unto Dr. *Vsher* (late Primate of *Armagh*) all my private Notes, and Collections, the heavy fruits of my forty two years drowsy Contemplation, against that devillish black-Art, (which neither he nor I understand) to wit, *Astrologie*; together with all the Ribbaldry, Drollery, Billingarism, Hopkinism, Ands, Ekes, So still, Most ill, Viles and Guiles, Hells and Fells, Bases and Disgraces; of which see more in my new come out *Apologie*.

Item, My Learning (such as it is) together with my malice, vaine-glory, Pride and Hypocrisie, I give unto the late *Synod* of Divines, and the rest of the Mountebank Ministers of *London*, the better to uphold them in their learned Barracadoes, against the gathered *Independent* Churches, reserving onely for *Vavasor Powell*, and Mr. *Simpson*, so much of my pride and malice, as may strengthen them in these times of persecution (the one being an exile, and the other a close prisoner to *Windsor* for Treason) that now having time to contemplate, when they come to their thrones, they may suppress that Monstrous Art of *Astrologie*, and doom those Heathen English using of it to perpetual silence, with three pounds in
money

money, the which I desire may be speedily laid out upon an *Umbrello*, whereunder to hide and preserve these now-bak'd *Levites*, in their Assemblies from the direful influence of the Suns Eclipse in *August* next, least when they seem to laugh in their sleeves, they sorrow in their hearts, for the mischiefs then impending, by the means of those *Sorcerers* and *Wizards*, who we know, do oftentimes speak truth by the help of the Devil (the Father of lyes) although (we confesse) it stands not with our interest to acknowledge so much.

And now whilst I am a giving, let me not be unmindfull of my people of *Reddriff*, whom I so basely went to Law with, while Prelacie was high, and by eager pursuing and unjust bribing, and many other (Iesuicall) under-hand tricks, I overthrew, and by the aforelaid devillish meanes, got all gleabes, and tythes, to the value of 200*l.* *per annum*; though in my brass-faced, late come out Apology, I have utterly denied it; because I would not give those cursed Attrologers (who have brought me even to death) any colour of ground against me. But now to make all amends, I desire all people of my Congregation of *Reddriff*, to take notice of this my real intention to them, and that this my will should not be taken in *Sermo pedestris*, in foot-language, I thus proclaim my desire in choice and unctious words in form following.

Item, I bequeath to my *Reddriff* Congregation my Executors year of Tythes, to buy them all Gloves and Ribbands to mourn for me their painful Pastor, who have so immensely (blessed be the Lawyers) taught them to part with the Ministers due, truly, and without trouble, for which I question not but my Successors will sing *Hallelujahs* to my name, and manners, saying, Blessed be *Tho. Gasaker*, who hath committed iniquity with greediness, even to the great advantage of the Ministry, but the total and absolute undoing of the people.

And lastly, my fortitude, long-suffering, and patience (*gaudet patientia davis*) I bequeath to Mr. *Jenkins, Case, Jagger, &c.* because I fear they shall have most need thereof; the remainder of my good qualities, especially my wit and honesty, (my debts being first paid by the late Act for Release of poor Prisoners, &c. and my Funeral expences defraidd by my Parish) I freely give to my kind friends *R. Ibbison*, Printer to the Queen of *Shaba*, and *J. Hunsot*, Basket-Beadle to the Society of Stationers, whom I make the formidable Executors of this my last will and Testament: And moreover, I do aptly appoint and constitute in cheveral-conscienced friends *J. Roswell* the pygmy Stationer, and *S. Thrusbrand* the Supraversors thereof, on whom I bestow a silver pair of Tooth-picks, and Claspers,

spers (being all the Place that escaped the jaws of Guild-bills) which I desire them to accept of in remembrance of me, and my sufferings for the cause; and I do hereby revoke and renounce all former wills by me heretofore made, as being but the effects of a religious lunacy, in witness whereof I have hereunto set my (*per Antiphrasin*) innocent hand and seal, the twelfth day of the first moneth, in the sixth year of the Presbyterian justly deserved slavery. *Anno 1654.*

Thomas Gataker.

I shall desire also at the hands of my Executors, that they cause to be engraven on my Tomb-stone this following *Epitaph.*

An Epitaph.

Old Gataker is gone, Jove speed him well,
And safely, whether unto heav'n or hell:
But into heav'n the Varlet goes not sure,
For there be stars; and stars hee'l not endure:
Or if to hell, thrice wretched is his fate,
For ev'n the devil himself doth calculate
And read the stars, he's clearer eyes then we,
For more experience in Astrology.
Perhaps, as when alive, so when he's dead,
Hee'l be with stars and Planets tortured;
Only the distance is, here could he rail,
In hell the fashion is to weep and wail,
And gnash the teeth; but charity I have,
To wish his hell may only prove his grave:
Or if it be in Limbo, it's fit he stay
There, till his filth be thoroughly purg'd away.
And may all others of his dirty Faction
Have like success, whil' st they have such like action.

F I N I S.